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they were examined, after six months' time, which covered a portion of the warmest weather and a period sufficiently long to allow propagation from eggs, had the latter remained intact. On examining the specimens no sign whatever of noxious insects remained. This we regard as a most important result, as all other methods have proved objectionable, and most of them positively hurtful to the specimens.

J. B. HOLDER.

WILD FLOWERS, FERNS AND GRASSES.

II.—HOW TO UTILIZE THEM.

COLLECTING of whatever kind should have some aim higher than the mere desire of accumulating, higher than vulgar hankering after the possession of something which somebody else has not. It should be practised systematically to develop habits of observation and method, to illustrate some idea in history, literature or art, or to forward some course of study. It should not be a mere matter of gratification, but a means of culture of the tastes and of the intellect. All collecting, save the gathering together of living objects, as in our gardens, our aquaria or our aviaries, from the very fact that it wants the element of life, requires a strong motive to induce us to undertake it and to keep it up when undertaken, and such a motive should be a worthy one. Certainly a collection of dried plants in itself would not be likely to excite sentiments of envy and jealousy in the minds of rival collectors, so that this inducement would happily be absent, and, in fact, I am free to confess that I can hold out but few reasons why my reader should have expended the time and trouble that I suppose him to have devoted to the collecting and drying of wild flowers, unless he has done so with a view to study. One or two reasons, however, I can give, for, unpromising as the materials appear to be, a selection may be made from them which will add appreciably and economically to the decorations of our houses, and will be quite as worthy of a place on our tables or mantelpieces as the caricatures of nature and abortions of art which too often disfigure, if cheap, the cottages of the poor, or, if costly, the mansions of the rich.

We cannot afford, let us say, expensive pictures. Let us select some of the most graceful and delicate flowers, which have kept their colors best in drying; some which we collected in the first balmy days of spring, when the very contrast with the bleak cold hours but just passed gave us a sensation of blithesome hope and of longing for the fulness of summer pleasures; let us arrange these together so as to make a little flower group. Place them between two plates of thin, clear glass, the lower plate, however, having its inner face, on which the flowers rest, ground so as to tone down the light, and at the same time afford a rough surface to prevent the flowers from slipping out of their places. For the latter reason, also, the plates must next be bound together around their edges tightly and firmly. This may be accomplished in various ways. A flexible metal border may be bent around and made to clip them; or a band of silk ribbon may be glued firmly around (with a loop on the upper edge whereby to hang the plates), and this must again be strengthened by a fancy binding of leather. Probably many other ways will suggest themselves to the ingenious, the only need being, as I have said, to have the flowers so firmly pressed that they will not be displaced. When finished you have a transparency symbolical of spring, true to nature as far as it goes, evidence in its arrangement of our own artistic feeling, a subject suggestive of memories and conversation, and, although the colors of the flowers are not what they were, a picture which, if designed with taste, is superior for æsthetic purposes to a wretched print or tawdry chromo. Later on we prepare a group of summer flowers, and in the fall yet another, in which the autumn leaves, rich in their dying tints, take their part. When these three shall hang in our windows, our friends will not only admire them, but we ourselves, through them, shall carry into cold, dead winter pleasant memories of the brighter days of the year, flashes of vacation's sunlight amidst the gloom of work.

We all remember Whittier's "The Pressed Gentian."

"The time of gifts has come again,
And, on my northern window-pane,
Outlined against the day's brief light,
A Christmas token hangs in sight.

The wayside travelers, as they pass,
Mark the gray disk of clouded glass;
And the dull blankness seems, perchance,
Folly to their wise ignorance.

"They cannot from their outlook see
The perfect grace it hath for me;
For there the flower, whose fringes through
The frosty breath of autumn blew,
Turns from without its face of bloom
To the warm tropic of my room
As fair as when beside its brook
The hue of bending skies it took."

And then what if these pictures do fade on exposure! We will next year take the glasses apart and arrange fresh groups, we shall have improved in the art of preserving flowers, more artistic ideas shall have dawned upon us, and our second set will excel our first.

Again, place groups of your dried grasses and ferns in vases on the mantelpiece or on brackets. You may not be able to afford Dresden china, or be willing to ruin your family for the sake of outbidding Mrs. Lately-Come-out-of-Chaos of Murray Hill in the matter of fashionable bric-à-brac, but your really refined friends will think none the less of the ornamentation because it cost you so little, and you will be spared the mortification of seeing them put up their handkerchiefs to their faces to hide their laughter at your extravagance, or to antagonize by eau-de-cologne the overpowering and nauseating odor of unmitigated money.

If there is a man of whom I have learned to hate the sight, it is that most misguided of mankind the book-agent with the frauds, the trickery, and the deceptions of which he is made the mouthpiece: "Illustrated in the highest style of art;" "the illustrations beautifully true to nature;" "an effective ornament on the parlor table." To get rid of the assault you surrender against your better judgment. And then follow months and perhaps years of anxiety, worry, and disgust, only to be ended when, after spending say twenty-four dollars out of your hard-earned income, and after having been told at the least twice twenty-four times that "that money" would look much better on your wife or favorite daughter, you come sadly to the conclusion that you are the possessor of a work on a subject in which you take no earthly interest, and which as a work of art is certainly not worth binding. And to add to all, now comes the taunting query, repeated at odd intervals, "Job, why don't you spend ten dollars in having that book bound?" Take my advice if you want an ornament of this kind for the parlor table, be your own compiler; display your own taste and culture in the formation of a book of ferns or dried flowers. Your book should contain sheets of stout white paper on which to mount the plants, interleaved by leaves of writing paper on which to record any observations that may be required by the design you have in view. (Or, if you prefer, you may mount the specimens on cards to be kept in a portfolio). Your taste may be shown not only in the selection of specimens but in your arrangement of these on the page. Some persons fasten the specimens to the paper with glue, a thin film of which is laid on one side of the plant to be attached. Others use slips of gummed paper, and if the paper used is well gummed, these slips may be cut so narrow that, placed with judgment, they need not interfere much with the good effect of the plant-picture.* In making your plant-book, you must have some defined end in view—either to help yourself to a more exact knowledge of plant structures and of the classification of plants or perhaps to illustrate the poetry of flowers or of ferns. In either case you may make for yourself an original work, an instructive and suggestive ornament for the parlor, which cannot fail to render your family more cultured in mind and more refined in taste; for (pardon the worn platitude) flowers in any form indicate and induce those feelings which are ever at war with harshness, coarseness and vulgarity.

We have all this while almost forgotten the plants which we left a day or two since in our tin box. Let us turn them out and place them in water. You see they have kept fresher than if they had been in the air, and several which we picked only in bud have blossomed healthily in the close confinement. You may set to work with pencil and brush to preserve the forms and true hues of the various species, whilst I will pick some flowers to pieces and analyze them so as to make myself sure of their exact names. As I do this it will be well for you from time to time to give me your at-

* We cordially recommend for the preservation of botanical specimens "The American Plant-Book," an excellent herbarium, advertised on another page, by Daniel Slote & Co., of New York.

tention in order that you may not miss some feature, apparently trivial, but which, nevertheless, is all-important in establishing the identity of the species. In regard to this I would venture to suggest that art should educate not merely the æsthetic taste, but also the moral, and that therefore it should pay strict regard to truth in every detail. Group these details to tell what story you please, but let the details be similitudes. A plant inaccurately drawn by an acknowledged artist is an encouragement to the young to carelessness, to a disregard of exactitude. If a great man is careless they may be, and the example injures them not merely in their art, but in their life-education. Why are artists allowed in our weekly journals (and these of good standing) to flaunt their carelessness before our children in a way that says as plain as if put into writing, "You need not take the trouble to be exact and accurate; the public doesn't know better; it doesn't know that a boat cannot sail right in the wind's eye even with its sails in an impossible position, and we get our money all the same;" or, "Never mind if there never has been or could be such an insect or such a flower; we are paid for it if it is a libel on nature, and that's the great thing"? Forgive me, reader, for moralizing, but I think we have lying enough in all else, and would ask you therefore to be truthful to nature in your drawings if you draw for pleasure, and to be still more careful if you draw for money. If you know any thing about sailing, look back at some recent pictures in one of our best weeklies of regattas (I think on the Harlem River), and what is true in that case of sail boats is true elsewhere of insects and flowers and trees and birds and beasts. Don't attempt to draw or paint a wild flower without first taking the trouble to pick it to pieces and to understand its parts and their uses. Then you will be able to use either the whole or the parts with good effect in designs or otherwise, and you will be giving your mite to the cause of truth and honest work as against the false and the slipshod.

FLOWERS OF JULY AND AUGUST.

JULY is hardly so prolific in new forms of flowers as was June. Many of the flowers of the latter month still continue, but most of these, excepting those that flower through the summer, soon give place to representatives of other families. The Pea or Pulse family gathers strength this month, whilst as August wanes the composite family, with its Asters and Golden-rods, assumes in the variety of its forms and abundance of its individuals an overwhelming preponderance in the floral scene. We have endeavored to think over the forms of these months that especially commend themselves to the art student, but find ourselves fairly baffled by their multitude. The infinite variety that would suggest itself to the artist who would make a deliberate analysis of this abundance, no one but a botanist can realize. And what rich and varied designs might arise from, and what undreamt of and beautiful combinations would be suggested by, such an analysis! Wander along the sea-shore, and setting mosquitoes at defiance, invade the salt marshes. The Beach-pea and the Wild bean, and many quaint prickly or fleshy leaved plants, such as the Saltwort and Samphire, offer themselves to your notice; make a note of them; they may be worked in somewhere when you want the strange or the grotesque. There on the salt meadows and their borders are the beautiful Sabbatia and the seaside Gerardias, the Marsh-Mallow, and the Rose-Mallow. Follow up to the fresh-water swamps and ponds, and what with the Swamp Milkweed, the Button-bush, the Balsams, the Willow-herb, the Marsh St. John's-wort, the Cardinal-flower, gorgeous in its red, and its near rival the great Blue Lobelia, the Wild Yellow Lily, the insect-catching Sundews, and the Blue Veronicas, the lovely Purple Fringed and other nearly allied Orchids, with the delicate Lady's Tresses, the Monkey-flowers and the Turtle-heads, and rank Umbelliferæ, coarse and poisonous, with water lilies white and yellow, and Arrow-heads, and Pickerel weeds, and Sweet Flags, and Cat-tails (with which to arm yourselves), you will soon cry, "Hold! enough!" But we cannot rest here. Press on to the drier woods and the fields on their borders, to the hillsides and shady ravines; the flaming Azaleas hardly ever give way to the glorious Rhododendron or Great Laurel, and tall yellow False Foxgloves look down upon the Spotted Pipsissewa, and the Aromatic Wintergreen and the Enchan-

ter's Nightshade, which in their turn wonder at those strange pallid parasites, the corpse plant or Indian-pipe, and the Pine-sap, and the Beech-drops, and the Pine-drops, and the Coral Root. Do the aristocratic little Wintergreen and the lordly Rhododendron look upon their relatives the Indian-pipe or the Pine-drops as man enlightened by Darwin does upon the gorilla and the marmoset? Possibly, and with as good reason. Out of the forest everywhere we are met by aspiring Evening Primroses, with here and there the gorgeous Oswego Tea, or climbing masses of the Groundmet, or bowers of Clematis, dedicated of old to "Our Lady," while alike in rocky woodlands and spreading widely over western plains are countless varieties of the Pulse family, Yellow Cassias, sensitive to the slightest touch, the noisy Rattle-box, and Vetches, and Trefoils, and Tick-trefoils, and Indigos, and Psoraleas, with countless throngs, flowering or about to flower, of Asters, Golden-rods, Thorough-worts, Sun-flowers, Cone-flowers, Groundsels, Drop-flowers and Thistles. Well, I am out of breath, so I will stop this enumeration; no, one word more. Should you go to the summits of the highest of the Adirondacks or of the White Mountains, remember that there you may obtain examples of a flora such as we now find in Labrador and Greenland, including the Lapland Rosebay, the Alpine Azalea, the Dwarf Bilberry, and many other descendants of forms that once held sway where I now write these lines, but which have been driven to their present retreats by the advance of stronger forms backed up by a gradually ameliorated climate. Should you propose to illustrate the realms of King Frost you must study these examples of his very limited flower garden.

But why all this tedious enumeration of names? I really do not know, except it be to give you the idea that if you will use your eyes this summer in the country, we may see some new designs next winter in the city.

EDWARD H. DAY.

Art Publications.

RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

- AMERICAN ART, FIFTY YEARS OF. 1828-1878. S. G. W. Benjamin. Ill. Harper's Mo., July, 16 pp.
 AMERICAN PAINTERS, SOME. Methodist Protestant Mo., June, 4 pp.
 ART IN BOSTON, EXHIBITION OF. CONTEMPORARY. II. American Architect, May 17.
 ART REVIVAL, NOTES ON THE PRESENT. T. Bonnar. The Builder, May 24, 31.
 ART IN THE SOUTH. Mr. W. H. Fosdick's Collection. The Age, May 31, June 14.
 ART, TALKS ON. Second Series. VI. W. M. Hunt. Dwight's Jour. of Music, May 24, June 7.
 ART AMONG THE BALLAD-MONGERS. L. Jewett, Ill. Art Jour., June, 3 pp.
 ART AND THE ART WORKMEN AT THE MANSION HOUSE. The Builder, June 14.
 ART ITEMS, PARISIAN. Lucy H. Hooper. Art Jour., June.
 ARCHITECTURE, AMERICAN DOMESTIC. II. Ill. Art Jour., June, 7 pp.
 ARCHITECTS AND THEIR EMPLOYERS, THE RECIPROCAL DUTIES OF. (Continued.) American Architect, May 24.
 ARCHITECTURAL FOLIAGE. J. K. Colling. American Architect, June 21.
 ARCHITECTURE TO UNDERWRITING, ON THE RELATION OF. P. W. Wright. American Architect, May 31, June 7, 14.
 BLUE CHINA, MORALISTS IN. (Saturday Rev.) Appletons' Jour., July, 2 pp.
 CERAMIC ART OF JAPAN. W. E. Griffis. Kansas City Rev., June, 2 pp.
 CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, PORTRAITS IN THE. Art Jour., June.
 DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS IN PARIS. The Builder, June 7.
 ECCLESIASTICAL ART, AMERICAN PROTESTANT. National Repository, July, 2 pp.
 EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE. New Facts. The Builder, June 7.
 ENGRAVINGS, ON THE USE OF A COLLECTION OF OLD. E. P. L. Brock. The Builder, May 24, 31.
 FIREPLACE, THE OPEN. XII. Experiments with the Fireplace Heater. American Architect, May 17, June 14.
 IRON-SMITH, THE. I. Maurice Mauris, Ill. Art Journal, July, 6 pp.
 MUSEUMS OF ART, AMERICAN. J. J. Jarves. Scribner's Mo., July, 3 pp.
 PARIS SALON OF 1879, THE. Lucy H. Hooper. Art Journal, July, 2 pp.
 SCULPTORS OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE, TWO. (Jean Goujon and Germain Pilon.) The Builder, May 24.
 SCULPTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. The Builder, May 24.
 SCULPTURE IN THE SALON OF 1879. The Builder, June 14.
 SCULPTURE, MODERN IDEAL. Its Pretensions and its Possibility. The Builder, May 31.

BOOKS.

THE CERAMIC ART. By Jennie J. Young. New York: Harper & Bros.—This work fully carries out its description in the sub-title as "a compendium of the history and manufacture of pottery and porcelain," for it covers lucidly and tersely the most important part of the ceramic art. The author has ably performed her task, and gives us a bright, precise and

enjoyable book. One of the most praiseworthy features of the work is the richness of the illustrations, which, supplemented by the clear descriptions of the text, cannot but give to the student that insight into the productions of the different factories, without which, especially in this country, where no classified public collection of pottery and porcelain exists, no one can pretend to the name of connoisseur. The plan on which the book is constructed is practical and logical. The author first teaches the hardest part of the lesson, in the following order: (1) Technology. (2) Classification. (3) Composition of wares and glazes. (4) Manufacture and decoration. If the reader makes himself thoroughly conversant with these subjects, he will be able to comprehend exactly the history that follows, for the rest of the book reads as smoothly as a well-written story without being interrupted by technical details of manufacture, which, when dispersed through a book, become tedious to the connoisseur and incomprehensible to the novice. The division of the history of the different wares is geographical, and embraces Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia, Judæa, India and Central Asia, China, Corea Japan and Persia, under the comprehensive title of "the Orient." Then come Greece, the Iberian Peninsula, Italy, France, Germany and Central Europe, Russia, Denmark, Scandinavia, Great Britain and Ireland, and last America. This method of classification, good in a general way, has the defect of interfering a little with the sequence of the history of manufacture; for example, it brings in the Hispano-Moorish wares between the Grecian potteries and the Etruscan, and after we have done with ancient potteries, it begins again to tell about the old South American terra-cottas. This, perhaps, is no worse than, nor as bad as, other classifications in similar publications we have in mind, and very likely it only strikes us unfavorably because it is not quite orthodox. An assertion at the beginning of the chapter on Japan, that "Japanese art is of Chinese origin, but was modified as it developed," is open to dispute. The reverse is equally true, for it may be said that "Japanese art was of Japanese origin, but was modified by the Chinese influence as it developed." The classification and description of Japanese wares are perfect, comprehensive and much more valuable than what is generally found in books making a specialty of such information. Some of those wares, the names of which are all but unknown, are carefully and accurately described. And this is equally true of the chapters on Chinese wares. In the history of the art in Europe we find the same clearness and precision, leaving no doubt in the mind of the reader as to the main points of difference between the wares of one make and of another, and one follows with interest the story of the progress of manufacture up to the present day. In general, works of this kind, after treating of the wares made for our grandfathers, drop the subject; but Miss Young takes it into the midst of the manufacturers of our own generation, describing and illustrating their different productions. And this is an important point, for in the world at large what the public is most interested in is what is to be or can be purchased to furnish its houses and its dinner tables. The number of collectors of old china is insignificantly small compared with those of new china. Yet this large class of readers, in whom a taste for the antique, or at least a desire to learn about it, soon develops, has, as a rule, been overlooked by writers on ceramics. The division of the volume before us which treats of American pottery is exceedingly interesting; first, in the clever study and appreciation of the antique, and secondly, in its entertaining discussion as to the future of ceramic art in this country. Another feature of the book to be commended is that the author's personality is never intruded upon the reader. As in the works of a good historian, we are given the facts, and allowed to draw our own conclusions. Sometimes, however, Miss Young chats with us a little on trade or on art, and her remarks are replete with common sense. On page 444, in particular, we find one of these clever bits of writing. The illustrations are well executed, in most cases being drawings from objects in American collections, and in every instance the collector is given credit as the possessor of the piece he has lent. Taken altogether, the book is a valuable addition to the works on industrial art. It contains more precise information, and, we believe, can lead the student in ceramics to a more complete and satisfactory knowledge of the art than any other work published.

TWO OF US. By Calista Halsey. New York: Geo. W. Carleton.—This is the title of a new novel in the Decorative Art field, written by a lady who has been known before as a brilliant writer in journalism and the author of some fine and delicate art criticisms. "Two of Us" is Miss Halsey's first book. It is a keen, bright American story, piquant in narrative, agreeable in description, and with a strong poetic undercurrent. The individualities of the several characters are so well defined that they stand out clearly cut as a cameo. The story is a typical one of just this present period of American life in its new awakening and assertions of womanhood. Two girls, Beth and Theodora, start out in the world to take care of themselves, not at all as martyrs, but they "rather liked the idea of taking care of themselves." They determined to engage in "light housekeeping," as the most economical way of living, and, after an almost hopeless search, secured rooms. They encounter the landlady whom we have all met, "with a jute switch and a strong sense of propriety, who won't let rooms to no young ladies alone." At last they get their rooms and find a landlady who can understand how two women can wish to live alone without threatening the public morals. These pretty rooms, where the girls "hung their pictures and—paid their rent," became the nucleus for a pleasant circle of friends who gathered there. Among them we have Shirley Van Zandt, the typical "cultured" girl of the period, on whom Theodora bestowed the sobriquet of "Dear Lady Disdain." The decorative art phase is treated both in its æsthetic and its practical bearing; the Mardi Gras pageant at Memphis and the old

French life that still clings about New Orleans are vividly pictured, and the House Beautiful is built, and we are given a practical estimate of its cost. With it all there is a love story, as sad and as hopeless as it is tender and pure. Theodora's love is the haunting refrain, the thrilling minor chord of this book. We extract a paragraph, which tells how the man, noble, true, and steadfast, who loved Theodora, tries to make her let go the dead past:

"You cannot do any work well," he said, "while this trouble drags you down. Make one strong effort and put it forever under your feet. Try; I will help you; I believe in you. But for this one weakness you would be quite the ideal woman. But don't cling any longer to a dead hope. When people are dead we bury them out of sight."

"But don't you know," she said, "that after Faith is dead and buried Love has an absurd fashion of sitting down by the door of the sepulchre and waiting for a very impossible resurrection? That is love feminine."

"That is the constancy we are called on to admire in the books. I don't know but I have been guilty of admiring it, in a vague way, myself. I never thought much about it before. But now that I see it carried out it does not seem to me a noble or a good thing for a woman to be giving her life and her love where it is neither desired nor appreciated. You defraud yourself, mentally and morally. It is unworthy of you, and for your own sake, if not for mine, I hope to see you outgrow it. I do not see how you can keep your self-respect and do this."

"Do you think I do not feel all this?" she answered, passionately. "Do you think I am so bad that I don't feel the moral degradation of it? I know better than you do that nothing is so demoralizing as to be true to a falsehood. It is the tragedy of life, I think, to love blindly and see clearly."

The book is an intensely fascinating one, from the first line to the last. There is nothing sensational in the story, but it possesses the rare charm of interesting by reason of its simple earnestness and the sweet womanly style in which it is written. It is almost impossible, we think, to read the book without desiring to form the personal acquaintance of the author.

THE MANUEL DU COLLECTIONNEUR DE FAÏENCES ANCIENNES, by M. Ris-Paquot, a French authority on rare porcelains, is a sumptuously illustrated work, which, although recently published, is already likely to become difficult of acquisition, for the number of copies printed is inconsiderable, and it would hardly pay to reissue so costly a work. The author undertakes to describe the china of all ages and lands wherever it has risen to the distinction of engaging the attention of the collector. He confines himself almost exclusively, however, to the porcelains and potteries of France. Of English fine porcelains he seems to know next to nothing. "Bradwell, Burslem, and Liverpool" are the only places in Great Britain he knows of that have any reputation for pottery. He has not a word to say about the regal colors and the gold of Crown-derby, the creamy basket-work of Leeds, the fine hard porcelain of Bristol—rare, precious, and too often uncommon—while the famous blues of Worcester and the much-prized brick-hued wares of Chelsea are passed by in silence. Of the beautiful Rouen ware, however, we are furnished with the fullest information, with three illustrations, which include the characteristics of the fabric. There is first a platter, red, blue, and yellow, with conventional decoration of foliage; then a sharp-sided, many-cornered vessel, with decoration chiefly of red and yellow on the rosy white paste; then another platter with the cornucopie, which forms so conspicuous an object in the decoration of Rouen ware in the later time—in the eighteenth century—in the age of Louis Quinze. The author mentions a rather remarkable pottery, which few of us probably have heard of, at Chigny, a village in the Champagne, within a walk of Rheims, and there is an illustration of a large-handled, almost globular vessel, with he forms of pears, yellow brown, in pretty high relief; the space for ornament being admirably measured out, its occurrence always welcome, whether it be that of the yellow fruit or of the green leafage. This piece is in the collection of Mme. Pommery, of Rheims. Among other beautiful illustrations are reproduced the shape and hue of a Faenza platter, an Urbino jar, a Talavera vase, and a Persian ewer.

MAGAZINES.

THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY, the current number of which is replete with matters of interest to lady readers, is one of the best, as it is the cheapest, of the magazines of fashion.

THE ART JOURNAL FOR JULY contains a fine portrait of E. M. Ward, engraved by Holl. The other steel plates represent Ward's "Napoleon in the Prison at Nice," and Fisk's "Old Noblesse in the Conciergerie." Maurice Mauris begins a series of copiously illustrated articles on the work of "The Ironsmith" in ancient times, and "The Royal Academy" and "The Paris Salon for 1879" are reviewed by C. E. Pascoe and Lucy H. Hooper.

THE EXQUISITE "MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY" numbers of Scribner's Monthly and St. Nicholas have been received too late for detailed notice in this issue of THE ART AMATEUR.

THE LAST GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS opens with a review by the Marquis de Chennevières of the Exhibition of Drawings by Old Masters at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Most of the drawings reproduced are from Mr. Malcolm's collection, exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery. Benjamin Fillon, while disclaiming the intention of writing a learned treatise, yet bestows a great deal of learned remark upon that curious mediæval work, the Hypnèrotomachie, or Dream of Poliphile.